THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. X NOVEMBER, 1923 No. 11

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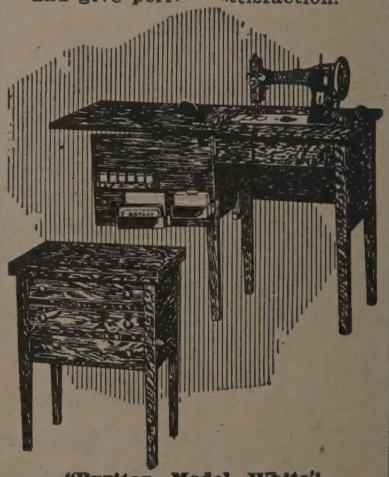

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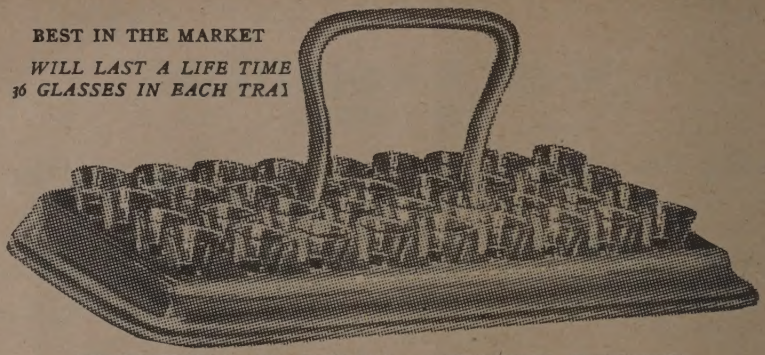

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Harvest Home

By Alfred Osmond, Head of the English Department of the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

Bind up the sheaves. The heavy heads of grain
Are filled with extracts from the soil and air.
The Summer sunshine and the Autumn rain
Have nourished them with tenderness and care.
The golden crowns of glory that they wear
Are heralds that the harvest time is here,
Inviting all to come and freely share
Their ample blessings which will charm and cheer
The cold and cruel days that poverty would fear.

The brushwoods, on the brown and purple hills,
Adorn themselves in scarlet robes of flame,
As Nature with her frigid hand distils
The liquor that from juicy rootlets came.
Mistake it not. The crimson blush of shame
Could never glow with such unconsciousness,
Nor rid her feelings of the sense of blame
That mars the fairest forms of lovliness
And leaves the mind of guilt in darkness and distress.

The branches, laden with their luscious fruits,
Have lost the listlessness that made them wave;
And, bending low towards sustaining roots
'Neath burdens which have sprung from earth to save
The lives of millions of the fair and brave,
Hang passive in the silence so profound
That one but hears the laughing brooks that lave
Their shining pebbles, and with gurgling sound
Flow gently on the course to which their lives are bound.

Bind up the sheaves. The Autumn days are here,
And soon the snows of Winter will be falling.
But love and laughter fill our hearts with cheer,
For comfort makes the cold seem less enthralling.
The banks of snow and ice, that will be walling
Our lives from their adventures in the wild,
Have not the frigid force to be appalling
To him who learns and loves to be a child
That fancies have made free and phantoms have beguiled.

THE HARVEST
A Utah Bean Field

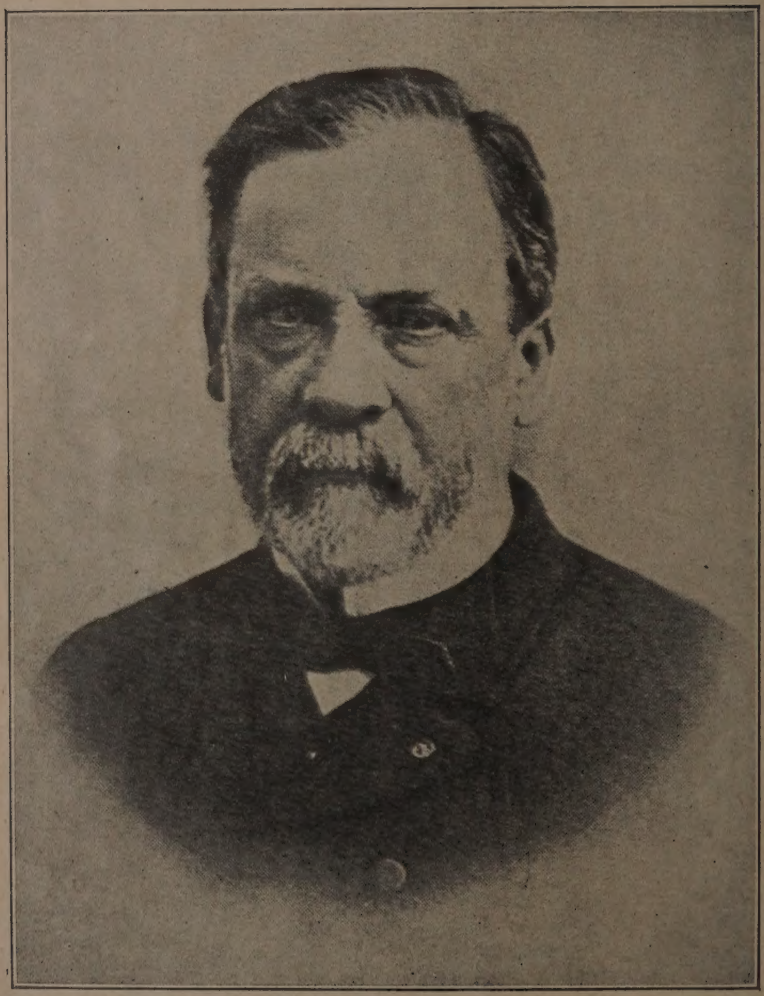
THE
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. X NOVEMBER, 1923 No. 11

Names

Myron E. Crandall Jr.

Some names are writ in water;
Some burned by faggot brand;
Some sketched on fame's escutcheon;
Some traced on shifting sand;
Some etched in deeds of service
All o'er a world so vast;
Some scribbled in dishonor
Across a shiftless past;
Some are inscribed in letters
That never dim with age;
Some penned by stern recorder
Upon a darkened page;
Some painted on bright canvas;
Some cut on trophy shield;
Some blazed in deeds of glory
On war's red battlefield;
Some carved in fadeless marble
On pillars in life's mart;
And some are deeply graven
On tablets of the heart.



Louis Pasteur, whose centenary has been celebrated throughout the world during the past year.

Pasteur's Contribution to the Relief of Human Suffering

By Dr. F. S. Harris, President of the Brigham Young University.

When we look over the history of the world we find that there are a few men and women who stand head and shoulders above everyone else in their contribution to the relief of their fellows from drudgery and suffering. One of these is Louis Pasteur, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth has been celebrated throughout the world during the last year. To him more than anyone else is probably due the credit for finding means of eliminating sickness and disease from the world; he discovered the cause of diseases and thereby allowed us intelligently to fight these enemies of mankind.

During all the thousands of years prior to Pasteur's time many false theories were advanced to account for diseases, and treatments have varied from the use of charms and incantations to the subjecting of the patient to the most terrible suffering in the hope that the diseases would be driven away through such torture. Those who treated diseases groped about like blind men who depend upon the feel of an occasional guide post but who for the main part have no clear vision of the road before them. Of course, as there were thousands of people thinking about them, many things were found out concerning disease and many successful remedies were developed; but for the most part they were ineffective because they were merely guesses as to what ought to be good and not remedies based on facts of an undisputable nature.

Into such a world on the 27th of December, 1822, was born Louis Pasteur. He was of as ordinary parentage as almost any of us. His grandfather was a French serf, until he purchased his freedom, and his father was a tanner. So humble was Pasteur that when he was offered a position as teacher at a salary of 300 francs, or $58. a year and board, he accepted, but modestly told them that he thought the salary was more than he could honestly earn.

Because the facts discovered by scientists are of such a worldly nature it is often thought that scientists do not have the tender family and religious natures that other people possess. This is not a fact, and the life of Pasteur is an excellent refutation of this idea. Out of his salary of $58. a year he somehow managed to save enough to help educate his sister. He was always kind and thoughtful of his parents and his married life was of the happiest sort.

If God places his children here on earth to fulfil a definite purpose, there can be no doubt as to why Louis Pasteur was born at the time he was. Pasteur always considered that his ideas were heaven-sent and he always bestowed them to the world as such. His faith in the divine nature of the messages which were sent through him to the world was not shaken in spite of the discouragement and even scorn showered upon him by the most learned men of his time. He remained religious and indifferent to philosophical implications which others thought his discoveries proved. During the most perplexing period of his life he said, "God grant that by my persevering labors I may bring a little stone to the frail and ill assured edifice of our knowledge of those deep mysteries of life and death where all our intellects have so lamentably failed.

Led by such kindly thoughts it is small wonder that Pasteur started a work which has proved of such a vast benefit to the human race. His first discoveries were, of course, only feelers which started him toward the ones of greater importance which followed. His first great interest in bacteria and other minute organisms was in connection with those causing wine to spoil. After studying these germs he became convinced that they were not produced spontaneously, or without parents, as had been previously held. This was denied by the greatest scientists of Pasteur's day, but their denial did not shake Pasteur's faith. He plodded onward with his investigations and finally secured such overwhelming proof of the truth of his idea that all but a few bigotted individuals were convinced. With this proved, Pasteur had the key to the preservation of perishable products. From the facts he worked out in this regard has come the idea of Pasteurizing milk, grape juice, and similar products. Who can guess the number of thousands of lives of infants and children who use a large porportion of our milk supply, that have been saved in our cities by Pasteurizing milk? Typhoid fever could not be fought or guarded against until after Pasteur had proved that there were definite organisms causing different diseases. Huge quantities of fruit juices were spoiling every year until after Pasteur showed how to avoid this loss by heating to kill organisms living in the juices and preventing others from entering it.

Pasteur next proved that a silkworm disease which was threatening to destroy the silk industry of France was due to bacteria which were transmitted only when healthy worms came in contact with diseased ones, or touched objects formerly touched by diseased ones. With this information the great silk industry of France was saved.

Pasteur now believed that all diseases might be due to bacteria

or other minute organisms and he set about to prove it. His health had given way beneath his excessive work before he discovered the silkworm disease and he was never strong thereafter. After the silkworm investigations were finished his friends urged him to quit work but as his mind was still active he knew that his mission here on earth was not yet fulfilled. The dreaded disease, anthrax, was at that time killing thousands of head of cattle and other animals. Pasteur was very tender-hearted and hated to see animals or men suffer and finally die of disease. In fact, when he had to vivisect animals he always used an antiseptic, and he is said never to have shot a bird for sport. At the risk of his life, he and his assistants examined the animals which had died of anthrax and discovered great numbers of a certain type of germs which have since been called anthrax bacteria. After correctly concluding that these organisms were the cause of disease Pasteur was inspired by the idea that the severe or fatal cases of the disease could be warded off by immunizing the animals with some of the germs whose vitality had been partially or wholly destroyed. From this inspiration has developed many of the methods now used for preventing diseases.

Figures gathered in 1867 showed that of the maternity cases in hospitals, one woman out of every 29, or 3.4 per cent, died of puerperial fever. This was a dreadful condition in the mind of Pasteur, and he had applied his wonderful powers to its solution. By 1879 he had proved that this as well as many other diseases was due to bacteria. Thanks to him we have today only about one dea h from childbirth in each 1200 cases, or about 0.08 per cent as compared with the former high rate.

The above are, of course, only a few of the many important discoveries made by Pasteur. But let us examine the sequel to these few. A true conception of the cause of disease was now at hand. The Egyptian darkness which had prevailed in the field of medicine heretofore was now turning to dawn. The young Englishman, Joseph Lister, was trying to improve the appalling mortality experienced by surgeons. At that time practically every person who had an amputation of the hip joint died as contrasted to 8 or 10 per cent today. A hundred fifty years ago over 25 per cent of all soldiers wounded in war died as contrasted to about 5 per cent today. Even under the best hospital conditions if a limb must be amputated from 40 to 65 per cent of the patients died, while now we do not have over 5 per cent of deaths from such operations. Blood poisoning nearly always set in where there was a very serious wound of any sort and death soon followed. Surgeons never thought to sterilize their instruments in going from one patient to another because no reason was seen for doing so. Consequently the surgeon

spread germs from patient to patient in many cases. Dangerous germs were in practically all cases unknowingly put into wounds and consequently few if any persons with wounds in the abdomen or who had to be operated on in this region recovered. The surgeons were not to be blamed for this horrible condition because they had no means for suspecting the source of the trouble.

When Pasteur put forth his ideas of the bacterial origin of diseases Lister immediately saw the connection with surgery and he was soon advocating the sanitary methods of treatment which have made modern surgery and wound treatment so safe.

Another scientist who took up the work begun by Pasteur was Robert Koch, who not only showed that there were definite germs present in different diseases, but he also grew these germs outside of the bodies of animals and was able to produce the diseases at will by injecting some of these organisms. Many other faithful workers have helped to develop our wonderful knowledge of diseases and how to control them.

We are now acquainted with a great list of disease germs and methods of combatting them. It is necessary to mention only a few to acquaint us with the tremendous importance of the work begun by Pasteur and still being carried on. Most of us know of the horrors of typhoid fever, pneumonia, tuberculosis, erysipelas, diphtheria, tetanus, bubonic plague, dysenetry, whooping-cough, rabies, relapsing fever, yaws, cholera, syphilis, and leprosy, the organisms of which are known. Scientists are still searching for some of the more evasive ones such as those causing scarlet fever, measles, mumps, chicken pox, typhus fever, yellow fever, and a few others. But knowing that these organisms exist we can guard against them and not merely trust that we shall be lucky enough to avoid these scourges. We have a definite starting point from which we can fight even these invisible germs.

The elimination of danger from such diseases as those mentioned in the above paragraph is largely responsible for the fact that in the last sixty-five years in which records have been kept of deaths in Massachusetts the average length of life has been increased 15 years or in other words, why the average person at the former period lived only to about 40 years of age instead of 55 years today. In the last ten years the average length of life of all persons in the United States has increased from 50 to 55 years. This great improvement has, of course, greatly reduced the deaths of our children, because the children are in the majority, and many of the diseases are hardest on the younger individuals.

In conclusion we must admit that the work which the humble Pasteur began has been of vast importance to every one of us. It has made operations relatively safe; it has made it possible for us to protect ourselves and our children from attacks of noxious

diseases, so that we may now expect to live several years longer than formerly; it has made the production of agricultural foodstuffs more certain so that we do not need to pay so much for our foods in order that the farmer may realize his reasonable profits; it has given us a more sound basis for protecting our perishable foodstuffs from deterioration; and it has given us a little better insight into the magnitude of the works of our Father in heaven.

The world needs more such men as Pasteur who do their best to "conquer the earth." We need more men whose sole aim is to help make the world a more pleasant place for our earthly abode. We need more men who can receive and interpret the messages which God is trying to communicate to his children.

Faith

By Nina B. McKean

O let me see, great God above,
The light, the path, the way.
I cannot walk in darkness more,
I need the light of day.

I grope through gloom to find the light,
Why dost thou hide thy face?
I am alone, alone and lost,
Far fallen from thy grace.

The shadows drear fall over me,
They close around my heart.
My cry strikes on the empty air;
When will the clouds depart?

But look, oh, soul of little faith,
The path lies 'neath thy feet;
Stay not, nor plead to see beyond
The realm where angels meet.

Rejoice, for God has spared you this,
Consumed you would be,
Your soul from guilt must purify
Before your eyes can see.

EDITORIAL

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Room 29, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Vol. X NOVEMBER, 1923 No. 11

Thanksgiving

Through the columns of the *Magazine,* we have recognized three centenary celebrations that have been to the fore during the past year. The first, the writing of the words of "Home, Sweet Home" by John Howard Payne; the second, the celebration, that is being noted in this country particularly by the scientific magazines of the birth of Louis Pasteur; the third, the most important to us, the centenary of the appearance of the Angel Moroni to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Perhaps there is nothing for which we have more cause to be grateful, and render thanksgiving unto the Maker of heaven and earth than the great contribution that has been made to our lives, during the past one hundred years, through men of genius.

John Howard Payne has given to us in his "Home, Sweet Home," a group of words that have stirred the emotional life of a world now for a century. He has immortalized home, the foundation of society, the place where we go for such heartening and succor as only fond parents can give.

We are indebted to Louis Pasteur chiefly because he discovered bacteria, which led to the germ theory of disease. Prior to this discovery, plagues had covered the earth, and villages and cities had periodically given up a heavy toll in death to diseases that seemed unconquerable. In a recent editorial we referred to the fact that there are social workers among us today who really dream of a time when disease shall be abolished. When that glorious day shall have arrived there will no doubt be many

factors that will contribute to so glorious a result, but one of those factors will surely be the contribution of science that comes to us through the discoveries of great and inspired men, and in this class, Louis Pasteur will surely be counted. The dream of the abolition of disease is already partly realized, for the dread attending such disease as small pox, diptheria, typhoid and yellow fever, diseases once so fatal, is now almost a thing of the past.

Much is said these days about the world lacking spirituality, and about enthusiasm being at a very low ebb. This is in no wise the fault of our Creator. The world has been flooded with spiritual light during the past hundred years, but the trouble is "the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not." The visit of the Angel Moroni to the Prophet Joseph Smith resulted in giving to the world a volume of religious literature that makes very clear the mind and will of the Lord concerning his children here on earth, and also presents a spiritual solution for many of the most vexing problems that our natural life is daily thrusting upon us. There need be no spiritual darkness; there need be no lack of hope if we would live in the light that is radiated and in the spirit that emanates from such a book as the Book of Mormon, and from such other fundamentals as Moroni revealed to the prophet Joseph. Our Father in heaven realizes that in order to make our lives complete, the spiritual must give meaning to all that is worth while in life, else the hearts of men will fail them.

Art the Agent of Religion

A potent agency in carrying to the world a religious message is art. Art carries the message into places where the teacher and the preacher are forbidden, and where the printed leaflet would not be acceptable. No people have understood this matter better than the Roman Catholics. Undoubtedly much of their success and much of their increase in number is due in no small measure to the fact that practically all doors are open to them through the medium of art. Almost all people adorn their homes with pictures of Catholic paintings, or make collections of such pictures. Magazines are profuse in the use of their art products, particularly at the Easter and Christmas season. Many people sing songs, read novels, witness dramas, and motion pictures that grip the imagination and the feeling, through the presentation of Roman Catholic life in artistic fashion.

We find no fault with the Roman Catholic or Greek Catholic churches on this account. They are living up to their opportunities, but what we do suggest is that other religious bodies possessed of great art possibilities turn their attention to this matter

and live up to their opportunities also. The traditions of the Latter-day Saints go back for a hundred years; their history is rich in art material; their idealism is intense. There is no reason why they should not turn to the enriching of their own lives and those of their fellow men by carrying forth the latter-day message through so rich a medium as the various channels of art present.

We have already complimented the Relief Society on its activity in the presentation of various pageants throughout the Church. We wish to compliment the Sunday Schools for their vision at this season in preparing, first, a pageant to be presented at the evening session of the October conference; and secondly, we extend felicitations to the Granite stake and all other stakes in the Church that are making use of their possibilities at the Thanksgiving season in the presentation of life through the medium of pageantry. In like manner we wish to extend congratulations to the Genealogical Society of Utah to the tabernacle choir, its directors, and all concerned for their commendable activity in presenting on Oct. 6 an oratorio that carries its message to the world. The Latter-day Saint Church already has an enviable record in the musical line. It has traditions to perpetuate and standards to maintain. As we write this article, the possibilities from all sides crowd upon us and we feel like using the Scriptural phrase, "The field is white already to harvest, let us thrust in our sickles and reap."

Moonlight on the Lake

By Ida R. Alldredge

The Sun had set behind the western hills,
And twilight deepened into night,
When suddenly, beyond the waters blue,
There shown a brilliant light.

At first I wondered what the light might be,
But as it rounder, brighter grew,
I knew that it was evening's lantern hung
Up in the sky so blue.

The moonbeams danced and sparkled on the lake.
Like myriads of bright jewels there,
And through the lacy pine boughs brightly gleamed
Upon the cold, calm water clear.

Far up the rugged hills, on either side,
The pine trees stood, and all was quiet,—
A perfect spot to soothe one's troubled soul,
With pleasant dreams till morning's light.

Ruth's Thanksgiving

Elsie Talmage Brandley

Ruth Conroy stirred uneasily in her sleep. There was a mental alarm clock somewhere within the recesses of Ruth's curly brown head, and it warned her that 6:30 had arrived. It was disquieting to have such a warning when the girl longed so ardently for another hour of slumber, but the imaginary ringing was insistent. Ruth arose and automatically staggered toward the window to raise the shade, and the instant that was accomplished, her drowsiness vanished and a great flood of glorious springtime swept over her.

From the cherry tree, outside the window, came a chorus of chirps and trills which warned Ruth that their annual hopes of quarts of cherry preserves were being reduced to their annual disappointment on that score by the warbling robbers-red-breast, but the beauty of the spring morning was so effective that she forgot to resent the thievery. She stood there so long that the seven o'clock factory whistles were blowing before she had even commenced to dress, and she had to hasten lest Marian and Tom should be late for work.

As Ruth descended the stairs she was assailed by the unpleasant aroma of last night's supper. It was vaguely sickening, and as she threw up the windows, she made several decisions.

"It's perfectly disgusting that Marian thinks she has to serve a midnight meal to the whole crowd after every party or show. I don't notice any of the other girls entertaining so lavishly, and it simply has to stop. Marian doesn't take one ounce of responsibility about the work, meals or money in this house, and there must be a change. I'll not be imposed upon any longer."

Going to the kitchen, she commenced somewhat resentful preparations for breakfast. At 7:30 she went to the stairs and called, "Marian! Tom! It's time to get up. Breakfast is nearly ready."

Breakfast was entirely ready, and the living-room swept and dusted before Tom came down. He and Ruth sat down to eat, well knowing that waiting for Marian meant a scant breakfast, bolted in appalling haste.

Ruth's resolution was still strong upon her, and she unburdened herself to Tom, who was nearly twenty-two, but still seemed to this older sister, the wistful-eyed boy of twelve, who had been entrusted to her care upon the death of their widowed mother ten years before.

"Tommy," she said quietly, "something has to be done in this family about cutting down expenses. We can't keep up this pace, and still hold onto the old home, here. If you and Marian have to have as many clothes as you have had this last year, and can't give up a show now and then, we'll have to sell the place and live in furnished rooms—so there!"

Tom proved argumentative:

"Why, Sis, we ought to get along rather well on what we have, I should think. I'm making over a hundred a month, Marian gets eighty, and your salary is seventy, with a raise in sight. If we can't manage on that much, for three of us, there's something wrong with the management, I'd say."

Ruth flushed and arose from the table. She vanished in the general direction of the kitchen, but returned very soon with her little black book of figures.

"Perhaps there is something wrong with my managing, but I want you to cast your eyes over this. In six months you and Marian have not turned in over twenty dollars to the house fund. You've bought theatre tickets and flowers and silk shirts galore, while Marian has had enough gloves and stockings and veils to have bought three or four really serviceable dresses. The housekeeping has been done out of my seventy-with-a-raise-in-sight, and I've not enough left to have my oxfords re-soled."

"Murder, Sis, I didn't know it was as bad as that. I've got my June check coming tomorrow, but it's pretty well sewed up already. I owe Slim Wakefield quite a wad for gasoline. He furnishes the car if we other guys buy the gas. I've charged a suit at Stacey's, but he might let it go for another month. Marian ought to come through with at least fifty dollars this month, and then I'll slow up. Honest, I will, Ruth."

Ruth's eyes filled with tears. She loved this brother with all her heart, and Marian was the dearest sister that ever lived. They were both young and full of life, and really should have pretty clothes and good times like the rest of their crowd.

"Don't worry about it, Tommy boy. We'll get along all right. I hate to trouble you about it, for I know how hard it is for young people to be bothered with money matters. It used to nearly drive me frantic when I was twenty and had to keep us all on what I earned and the little dividends from Daddy's stocks."

"You've been a brick, Sis, and after this month I'm going to see that you get a better deal."

Tom, having finished a delicious breakfast, was inclined to ward generosity, and Marian burst into the room just in time to hear the last of his remark.

"Good old Tom!" she cried. "Will you put in a word for me, too? I need a good deal as well as Ruth does."

"What you need is a good deal of discipline, young lady," he returned. "Drop into the office at 5:30, and I'll walk home with you."

"Can't do it, old boy. I'm going shopping tonight after work."

"Well, so long. Cheer up, Ruth. Every cloud has some kind of lining, you know."

Tom was off to work and Ruth began clearing up the breakfast table.

"Marian," she said doggedly, "You mustn't buy expensive things to eat like you did last month. It's absurd for us to have crab and shrimps and tomatoes out of season—especially when I don't get a bite, and have to pay bills."

Marian's pretty mouth drew up in a discontented pout.

"Oh, Ruth!" she exclaimed petulantly, "Don't forever be harping expenses! Just because you've always liked messing around with budgets and expense-savers, you needn't think everyone clamors for that life. I have to buy crabs and lettuce and tomatoes because they are the only things I can fix nicely to serve, and you refuse to stay up later than ten o'clock, so I don't get any help from you. It's a sort of tradition in the crowd that I will serve them a salad after the show, and I can't disappoint them."

Ruth was helpless in the face of Marian's argument. Marian always had the last word, and her sister had learned, many years earlier, that the one way to stave off a quarrel was to fall into silence at the beginning of any warm discussion.

Marian had eaten for breakfast an orange and one slice of toast, and was taking a final shine off her nose before the hall mirror.

"I want to talk to you, Ruth, but it will do just as well tonight at supper. And, by the way, you'd better ask one of your friends to go to that recital with you. I have a date."

"You are going out rather often, Marian. Is your date with Douglas again?"

"Mercy, no! He's a mere child. This time it's a real man—one you used to know. He dropped in to see you last night, but you were putting the laundry to soak, so I knew you'd be ashamed to have him see you so disheveled. I took him out walking and we met some of the bunch and took in a movie. That's why I used tomatoes. They all came in afterwards, and we had salad and bread and butter."

"Dropped in to see me? Who on earth could it have been?" Ruth's curiosity was burning. Men who dropped in to see her were so scarce now as to be extremely novel.

"Oh, you'd never guess, Sis! He's as handsome as a movie star, and polished! All the girls fell for him in concert, but he seemed rather devoted to insignificant me. It was Alan Lee, and he's a full fledged doctor, come back here to practice. Sorry I can't help with the dishes, Ruth, but I'm almost late now."

The door slammed and Ruth was left alone in the house—alone in the room which only last night had held Alan Lee.

She felt sick and faint. Alan Lee was home again. She would see him, touch his hand, and chat casually of various subjects. She would see him come into this house, all smiling and boyish and lovable, to take Marian out somewhere. She knew how manly and fresh he would look, for it was only four years ago that he had come there to take Ruth out somewhere, and he had looked boyish and lovable then.

Ruth's heart ached with a queer heaviness. Alan Lee had dropped in to see her last night. But he had not seen her. Instead he had seen Marian, pretty, stylish, clever Marian, and now perhaps he would never care to see Marian's old, tired, shabby sister again. Queer that it should seem so tragic, Ruth thought. There had never been a word of love between them. They had been friends for fifteen years, but that was all. He had sent her pink roses when she was graduated from High School, but that was all. He had been the dim figure in the dim dreams she had dared to dream of a future, but that was all.

A glance at the clock bade her fly. She had but twenty minutes to wash her hands and get over to the school house where, for six hours and a half, she would teach the first-grade children to read. "I see Mama. I see Kitty. Mama sees Kitty. Kitty loves Mama."

All day long it seemed that she could see before her a crazy phantom page of primer writing which read: "I see Alan. Alan sees Marian. Alan loves Marian. Will Marian love Alan?"

At supper that evening Marian explained to her sister that she had picked out material for a new dress.

"My blue taffeta was a wreck, and I simply had to have a new one. I saw a beauty at Gardner's but it cost sixty dollars, so, of course it's out of the question, but I can buy the material and trimming for twenty, if you'll make it. You will won't you, Sis? There's a dear!" Marian flew around the table to give Ruth an impulsive hug, for Ruth had nodded quietly. It seemed to her that conditions might be more bearable if she faced them squarely, and made clothes for Marian to wear when she went out with Alan Lee.

After washing up the supper dishes, she went upstairs to bed, for there was a dreadful weariness within her. Sleep would not come, however, and she lay wide awake until after Alan Lee's

words to Marian had floated up from the porch, and in at the window.

"Don't forget Friday night, Marian. I'll be up at eight for you. And tell Ruth she might at least be around to say hello to a fellow after four years."

By Friday the new dress was done, and Marian was radiant. She was young and undeniably pretty, and she was going to the theatre, in a new dress, with a man who was more interesting than anyone else she had ever known. She was letting Ruth fasten her dress and suddenly she asked, "Why did't you ever fall in love with Alan? He told me that he'd have asked you to marry him if you'd have given him any encouragement."

Ruth did not answer immediately. She waited long enough to make sure that her voice would be steady.

"What a strange question, Marian. Alan and I were merely friends, and once I told him that I could never marry anyone until you were grown up, and capable of taking care of a home yourself. Now you are grown up, but I'll confess I've not been very successful in teaching you housekeeping."

"Why should I bother about cooking and sewing, as long as my good old Sis can do it so quickly and well. But I'm glad you had that idea long ago. Otherwise you might have been engaged or married, and Alan would never have looked at me."

The doorbell rang sharply.

"Ruth, you'll have to answer it. I'll be down in ten minutes."

So Ruth opened the door to admit Alan Lee. They shook hands and laughed, but Ruth felt that she was wearing a mask which laughed to hide the weariness and pain underneath.

Alan had changed very little. He was more mature and at perfect ease, but about him still lingered the old attraction, the same spontaneous boyishness, and Ruth felt that she had aged ten years to his five.

"It is pretty fine to come back to the old town, Ruth," he assured her. "Even if it does take a week to get one glimpse of an old friend."

"I've been so busy, Alan," she faltered, I have my days free after half past three, so I try to do a little sewing for Marian, and the cooking for all of us. It keeps me busy."

"You try to do altogether too much, I can see. You look tired, Ruth, and you shouldn't look that way, at your age. Let Marian shoulder part of the responsibility. She needs it."

Marian bursting into the room precluded the necessity of an answer. In a minute the two were gone, and again Ruth was alone.

Spring budded and bloomed into mid-June and Alan Lee was a constant caller at the Conroy home. Marian seemed to grow

prettier everyday, and Ruth felt that she must look forty years old beside the youthful loveliness that was Marian's. She felt old, too, and for the first time in her life, dreaded the heat of the summer and the work of preserving and pickling which came with it.

Alan perceived her growing listlessness and pallor, and determined to take matters into his own hands. He took them on a particularly sultry day, near the first of July, and the taking included a call upon Ruth in the afternoon. Marian never got home until six, and he wanted a confidential, uninterrupted talk.

He found Ruth white and sick over a pan of raspberry preserves, and his austerity vanished. He had come prepared to be extremely dictatorial, but a sudden tenderness overwhelmed him, and his voice was all too sympathetic for Ruth's ragged nerves. She sank into a chair and burst into childish sobbing. Alan was indignant.

It's criminal for you to be slaving this way for those two who are perfectly able to relieve you of most of the burden of this place. I don't blame Marian, not a bit. You've brought this upon yourself—always shielding Marian, always doing her work for her. You've never demanded anything of her, and what's the result? A nervous breakdown for you, and an inadequate idea of housekeeping for Marian. Now Ruth, I'm going to be very firm—for your sake, and Marian's, and my own. You haven't asked my advice, but I'm giving it anyway, and I might send in a bill."

Ruth smiled wanly, but said nothing. She was half afraid of what Alan might say, but she loved his masculine, dominating way. It had been years since anyone had made a decision for her.

"Listen, Ruth, carefully please. You are in need of rest—complete rest with no worry. Marian's vacation begins on Monday, and instead of going to the mountains for two weeks, she must stay here and take care of you. I'll explain to her how absolutely necessary it is, and I'm sure she won't object."

"But where do you come in? I understood you to say it was for your benefit, too, Alan."

"It is, Ruth, for my ultimate benefit. Do you realize that Marian is nearly twenty years of age, and she has never baked bread yet? She is an attractive, splendid girl, but to a man as old as I am she is sorely lacking in certain qualifications. I want to see how much housekeeping she can learn in two weeks. That's rather vague, but I don't care to be more explicit just yet."

Ruth understood, perfectly. Alan Lee was in love with Marian, but could see her failings.

"He wants her to learn to cook and keep house for him. A

man is always practical," she soliloquized, and for the sake of Marian's future happiness she resolved to try the plan out.

Alan did the necessary explaining to Marian. Ruth never knew just what he said, but it must have been straight talk, for Marian gave up her long anticipated trip to the mountains with never a word of regret.

The orders of Doctor Alan Lee were that Ruth should do nothing but rest and read, and he dropped in twice a day to see that instructions were not violated. As part of the rest cure, he took her out on several of his country trips, early in the morning in the cool sweetness of the summer evenings. Sometimes he took lunch for both of them, and they ate together beside some little singing brook, or beneath the cool shade of a wayside grove.

The rest cure was having prompt and visible effect on Ruth She grew rosier every day, and gained three pounds the first week. It was so delicious to be cared for, so new to have Tom and Marian taking the burden of the housekeeping upon themselves that Ruth enjoyed every moment of it. The one disquieting feature of it all was that Marian was learning too readily. She cooked things well, and tried out new recipes with astonishing success. The house looked neat and clean, and each of the few times when Ruth had peeped surreptiously into cupboards and into the refrigerator, she found them as clean and orderly as her immaculate heart could wish. That meant that Marian was showing herself remarkably adapted to home-making and Ruth could see that Alan was observing her aptitude with increasing joy and satisfaction. That was the one fly in an otherwise sweet and healing ointment. Alan was glad that Marian was learning, glad that her schooling would soon be over and he could claim her as his own capable and efficient wife. Never once, did he express himself as enjoying Ruth's company on his trips or at their cozy little meals together. Always his first question, as indeed practically every question, was as to Marian's progress. Did Ruth think her sister was learning to cook? Could Marian manage a household budget properly? Would Ruth feel safe in turning her out as a student of her teaching? And as the days went by, Ruth could answer more and more truthfully, "Marian is getting along beautifully. She puts heaps of interest and enthusiasm into her work, and never seems to get bored or weary."

At such replies Alan Lee smiled with such a wealth of glad anticipation that Ruth's heart stung with the new sharpness of the old pain. It was harder than before to face the prospect of Alan as a brother-in-law. How could she endure the years ahead, if it held for her only a chance to share in the joy and happiness which would be poured out so abundantly for Marian and Alan?

At last Marian's vacation came to an end, but the vigilance of Dr. Alan Lee continued.

"It's this way," he explained to Ruth, "you are still weak. though you feel much better than you did a month ago. What you need is a good, long, consistent rest, and you are going to get it, or I'll know why. Marian has made wonderful strides in her house-keeping lessons, but she is far from efficient even yet, so she must relieve you of all the heavy work in this house until—well, let us say Thanksgiving.

Ruth's heart sank within her. Alan was getting definite in his plans concerning Marian. He had mentally set the day for Thanksgiving! And what would the lonely old sister have to be thankful for? Not one single, solitary thing, unless she could muster unselfishness enough to be thankful that her sister was to marry the man they both loved. Ruth admitted the fact to herself without equivocation. She loved Alan years ago, she still did love him, and she had every intention of loving him forever. However, she said nothing of her intention to the cool, good-looking man at her side. She merely looked at him, and her pulse quickened in spite of herself.

"By the way, where is Marian? I have a visit to make out near the lake, and I called up an hour ago and told her to chuck three sandwiches into a bag, and I'd take you both along with me; after my call, we'll go down and row on the lake. There's a glorious moon scheduled."

"Yes, Marian told me you phoned. But are you sure you want me along? I'm such a chronic invalid now that I'd hate to spoil a gay outing."

"Of course, we want you. Don't we, Marian?"

This to the younger girl who had appeared at the door just then.

"Why, most certainly we want you, Ruth. I've put a jar of jam in the lunch-box that I made all myself. I'm getting along beautifully as a home-maker!"

She and Alan twinkled at each other from their eyes, and once again Ruth felt that cruel little stab that seemed to come so often, lately.

The little trip was perfect, and they all three enjoyed it to the utmost. Marian claimed that it made up for her whole lost vacation, and Ruth felt ten years drop away as she laughed and chattered with the others.

The folowing day, Marian went back to work, but not until she had dusted the rooms prepared breakfast, washed the dishes and put a rice pudding in the oven to bake for Ruth's lunch. Day after day was a repetition of the first one, and Ruth was forced to confess that life was easier because of Marian's help-

fulness. Alan had forbidden her to start her teaching, lest it set her nerves all awry again, so she determined to make herself useful in one way even if other ways were denied her.

Full well she knew that Marian would be needing a trousseau before long, and hour after hour she spent hemming table linen and scalloping pillow-slips. It was all to be a surprise for her sister, and as September drifted hazily into October, and that into November, the piles of snowy bridal things grew higher and higher. The girl could see for herself that by Thanksgiving Marian would be capable and efficient enough to suit the most demanding husband.

Two days before that holiday Marian approached her sister with a demure hesitancy and a suggestion that they might invite Alan Lee to dinner, if she had no objection.

"I think he wants to talk to you and Tom."

Ruth hoped valiantly that her voice betrayed nothing of the ice around her heart as she bade Marian invite him, by all means.

Alan came, greatly delighted at the prospect of a real home Thanksgiving dinner once again. He ate ravenously, from turkey to plum-pudding, and Tom enjoyed the guest as much as he did the meal.

They all lingered around the table after further eating was impossible, and during a lull in the general conversation, Alan began to speak in very serious tones.

"I want to put a question to each one of you. The answer is of great importance, at least to two of us, so don't consider it flippantly. First you, Tom. Do you regard your sister, Marian as competent to run a household without Ruth's help?"

Tom smiled broadly. He had smelled a rat long ago.

"She cooked this dinner all herself. If that isn't recommendation enough for any man, it's because the man is a nut. I thank you."

"And you, Ruth. Are you willing to pronounce her ready for graduation in house-keeping?"

Ruth was conscious of a slight irritation. It seemed a bit too materialistic, this way Alan had of rating house-keeping ability as the supreme virtue in a wife. Her voice was almost stony as she replied, "Marian is quite able to manage a home, I'm sure."

The younger girl sat with glowing eyes and smiling lips as Alan continued to speak.

"Last spring when I got back here, I came straight to you, Ruthie, with the hope that Marian had been trained to step into the family major-generalship. You were too busy to see me, and a few days later, as you wearily shook my hand, you looked older

than your years would justify. I could see that you considered yourself heaven's own appointed drudge in this house, so I set about and planned three steps in a cold-blooded campaign. First, I would take Marian out awhile and give you a chance to discover your real feelings toward me. Second, I would take Marian into the secret, and show her how necessary it was for her to learn the "heavies" around here before you would ever consent to leave her to them. Third, I would wait until you could see that Marian and Tom no longer need you, and then try to convince you that I do need you. Ah, Ruth, I've needed you for years. You won't make me wait much longer, will you, dear?"

Ruth was stunned into temporary silence, but Tom ecstatically bounded around the table to clap them both on the shoulders.

"My blessing upon you, old dears. Count on me for best man."

Marian was equally impetuous. She kissed them both and assured them that she would have fallen for Alan, herself, if he hadn't been so frightfully aged.

When Ruth finally spoke it was with a voice of golden gladness. She was very lovely just then, for all the pent-up love of many years was blazing from her eyes.

What she said was,

"Alan! I thought there wasn't a single thing in the world for me to be thankful for this year, and there's everything!"

Marian started toward the kitchen with the pudding plates, and Ruth never knew that the little sister was shedding lonely tears as she went.

Nurse Aids' Class

In January there will be another opportunity for young women of the Church to enter the L. D. S. Hospital for a one-year course in training in the Relief Society Nurse Aids' Class. Young women between the ages of 18 and 35, who have had an eighth grade education (or the equivalent thereof), who can present a doctor's certificate showing their health to be good, and a recommendation of character from the ward Relief Society president, are eligible to this class. Ambitious girls who desire to take advantage of this fine opportunity to qualify themselves to give nursing service in the home and community, should communicate at once with Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, General Secretary, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Old Man Clegg

It was Thanksgiving day; I had unloaded case after case of oranges. It was almost noon, soon we would hear the whistles, so welcome to one unloading at a wholesale fruit dealer's. The manager came to me and having, what I considered then, an impulse of generosity, said with some reluctance, that I might take two hours off for dinner if I so wished. I thanked him, but my inner soul burned with a feeling of injustice; why shouldn't I have the whole day at home?

As I treaded wearily homeward, my thoughts wandered rebelliously, What have I to be thankful for? I toil every day, and receive a remuneration for an ordinary fare, our rent, and just enough clothes to keep us covered. The pleasant sunshine only added more bitterness to my feelings, and a stronger desire to be free for the day.

In this mood I entered the house: my wife met me with her ever affectionate smile; God bless her, she never complains, and I noticed that dinner was spread in the dining room, with extra leaves in the square extension, which meant something special. She, with her lips very near to my ear, whispered that she had invited Old Man Clegg from across the way to have dinner with us. This pleased me, as I have always considered it a duty to be kind to the lonely.

We were seated at the table; everything was steaming hot, pouring off a luxuriant smell from the roast chicken, which was enough to make any one intensely hungry. Partly from a sense of duty, and yet mechanically, I asked the old man to return thanks. His voice rang with intense sincerity, while he offered up thanks for every thing, and as I glanced around the vase of geraniums, into his supremely intelligent and divine face, my conscience began to smart.

Dinner passed on very pleasantly. The others seemed to enjoy every morsel, especially our ten-year-old boy, Joe, who called for his third dish of plum pudding, which his mother refused him, for she was already worried over the amount he had devoured. But my thoughts were in a state of perplexity; what could a poor old, lonely man, deprived of all the comforts of life, have to be so very thankful for. When all had finished eating, I suggested that Mr. Clegg favor us with some of his pioneer experiences, and Dorothy, clapping her hands, said, "Start when you were a little boy."

Giving an affirmative nod, and an appreciative smile, as if pleased with the consideration shown him, slowly and thoughtfully he began:

"Well—my childhood, in old Virginia, was one unbroken

dream of sunshine, so of course that needs no history. When I was twenty-two I married my Marian, and I don't think a couple more devoted to each other ever lived. After office hours, we would enjoy ourselves in our little flower garden, and soon the whole yard appeared as a wilderness of roses. In five years we were blessed with three children, the oldest a boy, and the other two, girls; and their jovial voices, within the vine-covered walls, made it home indeed."

"Then came the time that we heard of our blessed gospel; never will I forget when we were converted, how our very souls were filled with the spirit; and with great happiness, we parted with our little home, and started with a train of converts to cross the plains to Utah. This was in the summer of 1852."

"We all had our hardships to contend with; still, in the evenings we had merry times, joining in the singing and the simple dancing."

The old man sat staring into space, he seemed to be living again the past; we were listening attentively, and then, recovering his self possession, he went on, "It was during one very warm afternoon, we were jogging along slowly, when one of the oxen took fright which caused a stampede. Our baby was asleep in the back of the wagon, and after things quieted down, we found that she was badly injured, and three days later we were obliged to leave her little lifeless body by the roadside. My poor wife was almost stricken to her bed, but, as I looked into her dear face, I was thankful, yes, thankful that she was still with me, and silently I offered up a prayer that she would always be near me, even to the end of my existence.

"We arrived in the valley of Great Salt Lake, and as time went on, the rough edges of our sorrow seemed to wear off; and in a short time we were the proud possessors of a small but commodious log cabin. With the exception of the Indians, who used to intrude themselves upon us and help themselves, happiness in this cabin reigned supreme."

The tears glistened in the old man's eyes, and I could see that he had something sad to impart, but with only a deep sigh he continued, "One night after working all day at the neighboring farm, I was late coming home; the children came to meet me and very excitedly told me that their mother was terribly ill. I rushed to her side and found her in a delirium with fever. Frantically I ran for the elders and the old doctor, living a short distance from our place, but it seemed her end had come, for all they did was of little use, for she passed away!——I will not bother you with pathetic details, but will say that the good elders after strenuous efforts, impressed upon me that I still had two lovely children who depended upon me.

"Devoting all my time to my Bob and Bessie, I soon

came to realize that I had a great deal to be thankful for; the comfort they were to me, words could never tell, for I felt that I must be both father and mother to them. How well I remember Bessie's little arms about me holding me in fond embrace; and Bob, dear little fellow! One memory picture of him stands out more clearly perhaps than any of the others. I had punished him for teasing his sister and then a few minutes later, I listened to his childish prattling with a little friend about his own age. They were disputing over their dads, and Bob boasted that I was the strongest and best Dad in all the world. How my heart was filled with admiration, I could not resist seizing him and smothering him with kisses——yes, life was quite cheerful wth those two loving little souls near me, and thus it passed on, uninterrupted by any real sorrows.

"It was haying time, Bess was now seventeen; she came to me with a hug, an every day occurrence, and looked timorously into my face. I noticed she was trembling and began to feel a little alarmed. After a pause she told me how dearly she had always loved me, but, there was someone else she also loved, and he was waiting in the other room to see me. Thinking it was only Bert, her sweetheart from childhood, and knowing his true character, I only intended to try and persuade them to wait a little longer. But to my amazement, he was a perfect stranger, and wanted to take my Bessie away. I afterwards learned that they had been meeting for two or three weeks secretly.

"I could not think of Bessie leaving me to marry out of the Church, which to me is life itself; so I cautiously and kindly explained how such a marriage would be impossible, and with all their coaxing, I would not yield, for I thought that I was doing right.

"Bessie said no more, and I thought she was reconciled, but when I came home the followning evening, my Bessie was not there; only a short note to say that although she loved me dearly, she could not live without him. I never heard from her for three years; but for several years past, the first of the week brings me a letter filled with love and tenderness. At first a check was enclosed, but I informed her that I was making a fair living with my pen, which also served to keep me company.

"When Bessie left, how I clung to Bob, and Bob was true blue; I could not have asked for a better and more thoughtful boy, and although I sometimes felt very despondent, I would try to assume cheerfulness for the sake of the boy, until we became almost inseparable, just like a couple of old pals.

"One of the neighbor's boys started coming to the house, and before very long he was a frequent visitor. I did not care for his appearance, yet I did not wish to judge harshly, so I said nothing.

"Then Bob started to remain out nights. I was worried and lonesome, too, but I tried to convince myself that he needed younger companions, and thinking only of his happiness, and trusting him, I did not complain.

"He did not mend his ways, but instead his hours of returning home at night grew later, until I began to use all my parental influence, but without avail. Finally the odor of liquor that scented the house when he came in nearly drove me to distraction.

"At last the climax came; it was in the wee hours of the morning. Bob was still out, and as he had no mother to wait for him, I felt in duty bound to remain up until he came in. I met him at the gate; he was staggering shamefully and I was displeased with him and overcome with disgust. Without considering, I gave him a tongue lashing, not in profane language, but I appealed to his pride, and to the shame he had cast upon his dead mother. Oh, if I had only waited until the next morning when my boy was himself, how much different things might have been for me, for my boy was always kind and gentle and never stooped to any cruelty. But it seemed under this influence, some vehement power had hold of him, and to my horror, he blurted out, "To ——— with you, and Mother, too!"

"Nothing could have hurt me worse, I could not control myself, I slapped him as I would a very disobedient child. He was filled with rage, and, seizing a club, he struck me over the head; I felt dazed and everything turned black.

"When I was able to drag myself to the house, I found everything topsey-turvey, and Bob, my boy, had left me, yes—never to return alive for he was killed under the breakbeams of a train a week after he left.

"Of all my troubles this was the worst; I felt so despondent that I wished I might die to free myself from such terrible suffering. But, still how thankful I was that Marian was not there to see the gruesome sight."

The old man gave a deep involuntary sigh, he had no more to tell. I felt a little wicked but could not resist asking, "And you still are thankful?" His answer was forceful, "Thankful—thankful! Who could be more thankful than I? I have a testimony as to the fulness of the gospel; I have a testimony that Marian and my baby are waiting for me, and I am allowed the privileges of the temple; who could be more thankful? Suppose that I were some poor soul doubting my Father in heaven!"

My head hung. I glanced at my wife, she was choking back the tears; even the children's eyes were moist. Shame and repugnance filled my soul, for I, too, had a testimony.

Looking at my watch, I found that I had only five minutes to reach my work. And with a proud feeling of contentedness, I wended my way back.

The Reasons for the Christmas Seal

Again we are reminded of the Christmas seal.

And to those who question what the purchase of these brightly colored little stamps means, we relate the story of a young man, his wife and baby, as discovered by the Utah Public Health Association.

The man was emaciated and obviously suffering from advanced tuberculosis. The wife was tired, nervous, flushed and apparantly ill. The baby was listless, pale, awakening from stupor occasionally with a sharp scream of pain. According to the man, he had developed tuberculosis about five years previously, but in spite of his condition, he was able to work and obtained a reasonably good job. Two years later he decided to marry, feeling that he was doing his full duty when he explained to his bride-to-be that he was tuberculous. She accepted the situation and expressed herself as "willing to take a chance." When discovered the man was found to be far advanced. He had run his course. He could work no more. The wife was suffering from a moderately advanced active tuberculosis and in urgent need of care. She had taken her chance and was reaping the consequences. There was one member of the little family, however, who had not been consulted. No one had questioned whether he wanted to take a chance. The baby was suffering from tuberculous meningitis, not caused by heredity but from the pitiful lack of knowledge and care of his parents. He has since died.

This is only one of the scores of tragedies which might be prevented, that come to light in the survey work of the Utah Public Health Association. They emphasize the need of more and more education, more and more agitation, bigger and stronger and more far-reaching tuberculosis work. And it is to provide just such education and such work and to carry on the public health campaign that the Christmas seals are annually sold. They afford opportunity to thousands of people to most efficiently aid the suffering and afflicted. Their purchase means bestowal of tenderness and consideration on the weak, infinite pity on the suffering, and a broad charity on all, in such manner that it will not be wasted.

Jealousy

H. L. Johnston Tobar Nevada

The other day I overheard a remark which started me thinking about writing this article. A young married woman I know, remarked to one of her friends:

"Don't you know? Sometimes I think my husband doesn't love me as much as he should. He never shows the least bit of jealousy."

Her friend laughed and asked:

"Do you think a man or a woman should be jealous to prove that they love anybody?"

The young wife replied: "Indeed I do. My idea of love is that whenever your husband sees you talking or laughing with some other man he will go right up in the air and start something. That would prove to me that George cared enough that it would make him jealous to see me having a good time with somebody else. He don't seem to care, though. Someday I'm going to do something just terrible to see what he will do."

So you see, kind readers, that is the interpretation too many of our married folks put upon the two words love and jealously.

In the first place, just what is love? The good Book answers that question, saying, "God is love"; and where God is, there shall ye find love also! That seems to be a pretty good definition of love, but let me try and add a little to it. When a maid and a man are joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony they should, of course, try to establish a home. To make that home successful, there must be perfect confidence between husband and wife. They will make that home a place of order, love, union, rest, and absolute trust. When they have done that much, they have made of that home a sacred place. When a home is built upon such a foundation it is built upon a rock, and there is no welcome sign on the front door step for a certain green eyed monster, known as jealousy.

In that home all worldly considerations are given second place. The first thought of husband and wife is for each other and for their children, for in such a home children must surely come, bringing their brightness and forging the strongest guard against disruption.

Most important of all is religion. Without it, the home is built like a house upon the sands of the seashore, and the first angry wave of trouble that washes against its foundation will cause it to crumble and fall in ruins about the heads of the two who swore to love, honor, and obey. The worst trouble is jeal-

ousy, it has wrecked more homes than all the forces put together.

Back in New York's Greenwich village, where live the artists from all parts of the world, a German painter set up house-keeping with his pretty little French wife.

The two were devoted to each other.

The husband, a great artist, spent long hours working on his canvases. At first the little wife was delighted to know that her husband was in line for big successes. Then the idea entered her head that he loved his painting more than he did her. She nursed the little germ of jealousy, and it grew so rapidly that it blinded her to the fact that her artist-husband was burning the candle at both ends for her sake alone. He wanted to dress her like a queen, buy jewels for her—when his picture was done. Then came the warped view that he was taking too much pleasure by painting his models. They were posing in the nude, but the canvas her husband worked on was giving promise of being something worthwhile—a masterpiece, a great creative work.

One night, as the picture was nearing completion, the monster in the little French woman's brain took full possession. Creeping into his studio she took a knife and ripped the beautiful picture to ribbons. In less than two minutes, driven by jealousy, spurred on in her work by the urging of the monster, she wrecked a masterpiece, the work of months; a work her husband had sweat his heart's blood over in creating.

Then a strange thing happened. As soon as the picture was destroyed, the scales fell from her eyes. The monster deserted her. It seemed as if he had laughed at her misery as he left her and had said: "See! I have fooled you. Now I am returning to my master, the devil—for further instructions."

When the World War broke out a devoted husband kissed his wife goodbye and went overseas. Never in their married life had a single thing come up to cause what happened later.

In the long waits in the trenches and dug-outs he heard some of his buddies telling about conquests they had had with married women. That night the husband lay awake for many hours thinking about the little wife he had left behind in the States. Then the germ of suspicion entered his brain and taking firm root started growing.

For two years he nursed this insidious monster of suspicion and jealousy until it took complete control over his every thought. He suffered the torture of the damned, until he was at last mustered out of the service and once more stood before his wife who was waiting with love shining in her eyes and arms outstretched.

Did he greet her in the way she deserved, after waiting faithfully for the day of his return? He did not. The suspicion

he had dreamed over in the trenches had become a fact in his mind. The first words he spoke were words telling her that she had been untrue to him.

When an innocent woman is accused of doing wrong, she tries to smile her way through the hurt tears—if she loves the man, and if the man is in his right mind he knows at once that he has made a mistake. This little woman looked surprised and hurt, but through her tears she smiled bravely back at her soldier-husband and held out her arms once more. Did he see innocence in that tearful smile, that wistful look in her eyes, which seemed to say, he must be joking? No. He saw nothing in her eyes but guilt. He was blinded so he couldn't see the truth. He attacked her and would have killed her had he not been prevented by friends.

Later, when the soldier-husband came up for trial the judge sentenced him to three years, saying at the time: "I am making your sentence light, for I know that during the years you nursed your insane jealously you must have suffered the tortures of Hell. Now that you have lost the woman who would have gone even to Hell for you, if need be, you will have plenty of time to think it all over in three years."

Jealousy, that germ planted in a human mind by the devil himself, a germ of rapid growth, when not treated with the only antidote, Love, is nothing more nor less than self-pity. The person who is jealous loves nobody but himself. When he sees his wife laughing and talking to friends and grows jealous about it, he is not thinking about his love for the wife—just thinking about himself, is all. He is one of the greatest victims of *EGO* in the world, and in his jealousy's wake you can find wrecked homes, children in rags and dirt, broken hearts. You find his children in the juvenile courts, for they have been robbed of what rightfully belonged to them—a home, love, understanding, and confidence, which is found only in the home where jealously cannot enter. Sometimes you will find the victim of his unjust suspicions on the downward path—and worse—for there is another element enters after he has made his claim—scandal; the tongue waggers, often overwhelm the victim and in many cases, drive her in despair to do the very things she was unjustly accused of doing.

I hope my young married friend will read this article. It might make her feel much better when she knows that her George is far from showing signs of jealousy. I know the reason. Her husband loves her. He has confidence in her, and may the Lord grant that he always will.

Something to Think About

Heber J. Sears, M. D.
Department of Hygiene—University of Utah

Isn't it strange that we give first thought to animals and then to humans? In the year 1860 a society was organized for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but not until 1875 was the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children established.

Then came Child Labor Laws, the study of the Delinquent Child, Day Nurseries, etc., but the protection of the health of the child is the development of the Twentieth century.

Twenty-five years ago we had no reliable mortality statistics. It was the publication of these in 1906 that called attention to the appalling loss of life during infancy and childhood.

With the opening of the Twentieth century came a swarm of organizations devoted to the welfare of the child. In 1908 New York City organized the Division of Child Hygiene. In 1909 a conference was called by the American Academy of Medicine for the study of the Prevention of Infant Mortality. In 1912 the Federal Child Bureau was formed. The year 1915 marked the establishment of the Birth Registration Area and the publication of Birth Statistics. In 1920 the National Child Health Council was organized. We now have fourteen National health organizations and the end it not yet.

Then there is the health work in schools which was started solely with the thought of excluding contagious diseases but was gradually extended to medical inspection and the detection and correction of physical defects. Now the school authorities are beginning to regard health education as a fundamental branch in the training of every child.

Health literature is being distributed by the ton—printed in attractive form and written in simple language. Almost every newspaper and magazine prints articles on health attractively written by competent medical men. Today the medical profession and the laity have joined hands, and the science of health is now no longer surrounded by mystery.

Such organizations as Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, and Little Mothers' League, and auxiliary Church organizations, all give health a prominent place in their work.

Our next forward step will be concentration on the mother or future mother—pre-natal work. And when all parents come to a full realization of the importance of this we will be breeding a race such as this world has never yet seen. Think it over.

Ten Reasons Why I Should Subscribe for the Relief Society Magazine

From Union Stake, La Grande Oregon

1. It is the official *Magazine* of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and should be loyally supported by every member of the Society.

2. It is edited and controlled, in its various departments, by women who are divinely inspired, thereby inspiring confidence and trust in all its statements.

3. As the official organ of the Relief Society it publishes a statement or synopsis of the various subjects or lessons treated in their meetings, thus being a reliable guide to all who subscribe for the *Magazine* and study it.

4. The women who contribute articles to the various departments are women of practical experience, knowledge, and keen intellect, who give its readers information that can be relied upon.

5. It helps the mother who is rearing a family, when she uses the information it gives relating to children in their various stages of growth.

6. It teaches thrift and economy, when we observe its timely counsel and advice, giving practical illustrations.

7. It teaches the Word of Wisdom and how to retain good health in the various recipes printed in its columns from time to time.

8. It teaches us how to take care of our bodies, "The temples of God," and thus avoid sickness and disease, and that cleanliness is a part of Godliness.

9. It teaches all to live a pure, chaste life, to cultivate clean thinking, thereby cultivating only the highest ideals and thoughts in the various subjects treated in its columns, and the stories it publishes always contain a good moral.

10. It teaches us that charity is the pure love of God in our hearts, and that we must love our neighbors as ourselves, thus helping us to be better women, wives and mothers.

Reasons for Taking Magazine

For one dollar we receive one year's training in every walk of life.

I should subscribe in order that my subscription may help this organ of instruction to live.

I should subscribe for the *R. S. Magazine* that I may aid my sisters in the great purpose of life, "Service to mankind."

We keep in touch with one of the greatest woman's organizations on earth, and uphold and sustain a Prophet of God.

Every Latter-day Saint woman should subscribe for the *R. S. Magazine,* because the articles contained therein assist in her physical, mental and spiritual development, thereby making her nearer the ideal wife and mother here on earth; and thus aiding in her development throughout the countless ages of eternity.

The *R. S. Magazine* contains the instructions for all of our activities—our guide for the study of the subjects intended for our development. It is the instrument by which we do Relief Work—we might as well send our children to school without text books, undertake to make a dress without material, or cook without heat, as to be a Relief Society worker without the instrument—*The Magazine.*

I doubt if one of us would willingly lose a chance to attend a General Relief Society conference in Salt Lake City where our most inspired leaders are to be heard; for those who are denied this privilege, the conference reports are published in the *Magazine* —each talk given verbatim.

How many of us older members have had the opportunity to study American literature? The *R. S. Magazine* holds out a first class course for you this year in American Literature. Here you are given a chance to study in The Relief Society what your daughters are getting in high school—do not let this opportunity get by you.

The *Magazine* also offers a course in social service. These lessons are wonderfully practical—they deal with the problems of the handling of children during the adolescent period and kindred subjects. Every mother has felt, or will feel helpless in the face of some of the perplexing problems of this age. Let us take what help is offered us by our leaders, through the course in our *Relief Society Magazine.—Union Stake Relief Society, La Grande Oregon.*

One Hundred Years of Teacher Training

A. E. Winship

[One hundredth anniversary at Concord, Vermont, August 14, 1923, of the First Teacher Training School in the New World.]

One hundred years ago, at the age of twenty-eight, Samuel Read Hall, in Concord, Vermont, sowed the seed of all teacher training institutions in the United States.

Probably the greatest biological act in creation was a seed, which had in itself all the factors necessary for functioning in the creation of its kind with every inherited characteristic and, at the same time, the ability to protect its mission to the world even though it be buried in an Egyptian tomb for 3,200 years.

It was sixteen years after Samuel Read Hall planted a tiny seed in Concord, Vermont, before there was a public normal school in the United States, twenty-two years before there was a normal school out of Massachusetts, fifty years before any college or university had even a course in "didactics" and a hundred years before "The American Association of Teachers Colleges" functioned.

There have always been wave lengths in social and civic, industrial and commercial, educational and religious functioning, but it has taken longer to discover them than to learn the wave lengths in radio activity.

Really big men always broadcast great ideas and where their thought is there great issues are decided.

In education the leaders in New England were functioning from 1823 to 1843, then from 1843 to 1873 these same men and their followers as leaders were giving slight thought to education, and from 1873 to 1913 real leaders were developed in public education, and apparently 1923 is to be the beginning of another great educational wave.

Samuel Read Hall started a great movement, but though he lived fifty-four years thereafter he had little to do with cultivating the plant resulting from his seed sowing.

We are concerned today with the evolution of his idea that young persons should be trained to teach.

There are two features of all progress. One of great revelations, the other the perfection of details. The flour industry is a good illustration of what happens in every great movement, which has happened in educational progress.

There have been at the most only five revelations in flour-making since the Indians used mortar and pestle. These were the introduction of the mill, the invention of the endless belt with buckets that filled and emptied themselves, the substituting of iron rollers for mill stones, the using of sets of rollers grading the pressure, and lastly the creation of wheats for varieties of flour and for varying climates.

Each of these has had many steps in its perfection. For illustration, the mill stones were merely the mortar and pestle idea extended. The upper mill stone was the pestle, the lower one th mortar. At first the pestle-stone was revolved by an ox at the end of a pole; latre, a horse took the place of the ox because he walked faster. Then the mill wheel took the place of the pole and horse because it was cheaper; and, finally, steam took the place of the water-wheel where the water-wheel was not available. It was always the mortar-pestle scheme of the Indian improved from time to time to meet the progress of civilization.

To perfect the mill it was necessary to have the wheat and flour move automatically, hence the endless belt and associate machinery. When the iron roller had supplanted the mill stones it was revealed that it was vastly better to merely crack the wheat husk, then crush the kernel a little, then more, then still more. Only six sets of rollers were needed, but today when that revelation eventuates in tea-table flour of which a six-pound sack is worth as much as ninety-six pounds of export flour, thirty sets of rollers are used.

In education there have been few revelations, one of which was teacher training, and the first demonstration of this was in Concord, Vermont, one hundred years ago. All that has come since has been the evolution from the ox, traveling on the rim of a circle at the end of a long pole, to the use of steam.

First was the public normal school in Massachusetts whose aim was to give skill in subject teaching.

Second, at Oswego, New York, where art in teaching succeeded skill in subject teaching.

Third, at Millersville, Pennsylvania, where academic scholarship hoped to discover a science of education.

A better illustration, taking education as a whole, is the evolution of the six sets of iron rollers in Washburn and Pillsbury mills in Minneapolis fifty years ago to the thirty sets of rollers in making idealized patent flour today, out of which has come a knowledge of the fact that a flour mill should be as near all glass as is possible, for they know that, though the flour in its thirty processes never sees the light, sunlight is indispensable to the making of the best flour; that ventilation is as essential to the making of the best flour as it is in a hospital; that cleanliness is as indispensable in a flour mill as in a watch factory.

The Concord anniversary of Samuel Read Hall's modest private normal school may not develop a revelation in education but we should, now and here, consecrate ourselves to the discovery of skill in subject-teaching that shall produce 100 per cent results from spelling and arithmetic to science and history; to the discovery of an art of teaching that shall appreciate the personality of the teacher and protect it from all wear and tear; to the discovery of a science of education that shall place the evolution of a child's personality above any and all mechanical devices.

Let us seek a blue sky law protection against all scheming propaganda, and a noble reward for honest work by devoted students of children of every degree of Intelligent Quotient whether these professional students be teachers in a one-room school or a dean of psychology among a vast array of ambitious researchers.

The significance of this day will not be in what Samuel Read Hall did one hundred years ago but in what we this day do to influence education tomorrow, one year hence, or one hundred years hence.

Of Interest to Women

Lalene H. Hart

SELECTION AND CARE OF KITCHEN UTENSILS

Since the kitchen is the laboratory or the workshop of the home, greater care in the selection of its equipment should be taken than is manifested by many housekeepers. It would be absurd to think of a farmer trying to till the soil without the necessary tools, such as a plow, harrow, etc., but many housewives try to keep an attractive workshop without proper equipment.

Tools for the kitchen are selected so that there are enough to carry on all the processes easily, but with no useless implements. A wise choice is sometimes difficult because of the variety on the market, many of which are attractive but not useful to the buyer. Equipment should be considered from the point of the one who uses it. A large expense is justifiable if articles are used intelligently, but fewer and less expensive ones are better for the careless worker, because they can be replaced easier.

A good utensil must be of good construction and workmanship, capable of easy and thorough cleaning and adapted for the use for which it is intended. It should be unaffected by high temperature or by the action of water, acid or alkali. It should be non-absorbent of grease and not give flavor or color to food. Seams, angles, and creases should be avoided as should all materials which easily tarnish, rust or break. Smooth surfaces,

rounded corners and well finished edges are best. Many a utensil serves well the particular thing for which it is made but if only used occasionally it may be more bother than worth. Frequency of use and amount of storage room should be considered in connection with easy and complete cleaning. In general, a few thoroughly good utensils are preferable to many articles of inferior grade.

Other points to consider, in connection with the construction, are the shape, size, handles, covers and lips. A utensil with a large, flat bottom and a relatively small opening at the top will heat more quickly and retain the heat longer than the reverse form. The size depends on the use it is to have, the number in family, and the food to be cooked. Too large a kettle is not only an expense in purchasing but is expensive to use and care for. Handles should be well balanced, not too long nor too short, too big nor too small. They should fit the hand with ease and should be so placed as not to get hot. Covers should fit in such a way as to retain the heat and be easily removed. They are best with an edge that turns up so that in case of food boiling over it does not get into the crack. Perforated covers which can be opened or closed are good especially on utensils used for cooking vegetables. Lips, if properly placed, are conveniences; otherwise they are useless. A double-lipped kettle or pan makes both left and right hand pouring easy.

There are so many materials on the market, and so many grades of each material, that it is sometimes difficult for the housewife to choose wisely her utensils, but whichever material is chosen, the best grade is economy, in most cases.

Enameled ware is suited to many uses. It is made by fusing a species of glass onto a metal, usually iron or steel, thus giving a smooth, glossy surface, easily cleaned and unaffected by any except the strongest acid. When of good quality it does not chip readily and stands a wide range of temperature, but it should not be subjected to intense heat or to sudden change of temperature. This, together with rough, careless handling, causes the chipping which is the chief objection to its use. Bits of enamel may get into the food. It is a good material for such utensils as double boilers, sauce pans, measuring cups, etc.

Earthen ware is another glazed material, the glaze being applied on clay. It is never warranted. It may soon chip or crack, or it may wear for many years. It holds the heat well and is desirable for casseroles or ramekins, but glass is fast taking its place. The latter does not chip or discolor, has a smooth surface with neither seams nor sharp corners. It may be used for many things. It is desirable and convenient when food is to be cooked

and served in the same dish, or wherever transparency adds to utility.

Aluminum gives clean, light, strong dishes, usually very durable, except for the poorer, cheaper grades. It does not chip, is unbreakable, and with reasonable care lasts indefinitely. It does not rust but in time loses its luster which does not impair its usefulness. Strong alkalies should be avoided in cleaning it. A satisfactory cleanser is fine, steel wool. True, the best aluminum ware is expensive when the initial cost only is considered, but it will outwear many of the other materials.

Iron and steel are the strongest and most desirable utensils for some purposes, but are also the heaviest. This ware stands intense heat, is easily cleaned when smooth and grows smoother with use. The frying pan, soup kettle, griddle, and waffle irons are best of this material.

Tin melts at a comparatively low temperature, is easily scratched and rusts readily. It is a good material for measuring cups, cutters, molds and utensils which receive light usage.

Wood absorbs fats and odors, but is desirable where a smooth, hard, elastic surface is needed, as in molding boards, rolling pins, chopping bowl, etc. Wooden spoons are good for many purposes because they are stiff and strong and do not impart color or flavor to food unless used carelessly.

Cutlery. Perhaps no part of the kitchen equipment is neglected or abused more than the knives. They should be of the best steel, well tempered and kept sharp if they are a good investment. Good knives are comparatively expensive, but a knife for each purpose, well cared for, is economy.

The advantages and disadvantages of new pieces of equipment that come onto the market should be studied carefully, and if they will save time and worry in the kitchen, it is well to plan for them. The housekeeper should study her own particular needs and make a definite plan for the purchase of her equipment. Those utensils that save strength and time should be considered first, because it means economy of health and life which every homemaker should seek to conserve.

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

Teton Stake Reorganized

At the Relief Society convention held August 18 and 19, the Teton stake Relief Society was reorganized. Mrs. Susie M. Wilson, because of poor health, felt it necessary to resign from her position as president, and she and her co-workers were honorably released. Mrs. Wilson has been in the Relief Society presidency of this stake twenty-two years,—nine years as counselor and thirteen years as president. Her counselors, Mrs. Marian H. Price and Mrs. Hannah E. Stevens, have served the full thirteen years. Mrs. Susie M. Wilson has been a most capable and faithful president. She has manifested rare intelligence and vision in the performance of her duties, and has succeeded in placing the work of the Teton stake on a high plane. Mrs. Wilson has won the love and respect of the General Board, and Relief Society workers generally, and there is a deep appreciation throughout the organization for the long and efficient service she has rendered to the Relief Society. The new officers of the Teton stake are, Mrs. Mary A Nelson, president; Mrs. Hannah Hegsted, first counselor; Mrs. Ada Walker, second counselor; Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. Sara Hochstrasser, organist.

Star Valley Stake

The Star Valley stake Relief Society was reorganized on September 23. Mrs Martha E. Roberts, who has moved to Logan for the winter, was honorably released after eight years of faithful service. During her incumbency, Mrs Roberts has put forth her best efforts and energy in the interest of the work, and has endeared herself to her associates as well as to the public generally. The members of the General Board appreciate the labors of Mrs. Roberts, and their good wishes go with her in her new home, where it is hoped she will continue to be interested in the work of the organization. The new officers of the Star Valley stake are, Mrs. Kitty D. Burton, president; Mrs. Ella C. Cook, first counselor; Mrs. Pearl B. Holbrook, second counselor; and Mrs. Alice A. Gardner, who was retained as secretary.

Eastern States Mission

Miss Marie Danielson, president of the Relief Societies of the Eastern States mission writes: "The Relief Society work here in the mission, so far as I can tell, is going along very nicely. There are twenty-four organizations in the mission, and all ex-

cept five have held meetings most of the summer. August 19, we held a very successful Relief Society conference at Scranton, Pennsylvania. There was a very large attendance, including all the elders from East Pennsylvania conference. The sisters all seemed very much interested and appreciative for the conference. Just now we are busy planning for the Pilgrimage to Cumorah, September 22-23. During the week following, I am planning on holding conferences with the Relief Societies at Buffalo, Jamestown, Syracuse and Albany."

Idaho Stake.

At the request and with the assistance of the Idaho Stake Relief Society Board, the Idaho state Board of Health held a Mother and Child health conference and clinic in Bancroft, August 27, 28, and 29. At this conference, which was attended by local doctors, also, two hundred forty-six mothers and children were examined, free, under the provisions of the Sheppard-Towner bill.

North Sanpete Stake

The North Sanpete stake Relief Society has been doing very good work during the past summer along health lines. During July and August free clinics were held in Mt. Pleasant, Fairview, Spring City, Moroni, and Fountain Green, the local doctors making the examinations, which numbered 157 in all. It is felt that much valuable information has been received through these clinics, which will result in corrective follow-up work.

This stake also had a fly campaign and offered a prize to the ward destroying the most flies. It was very successful, and must have lessened the fly crop in the vicinity, as there were, by measurement and count, about 179,546 flies killed.

The following summer programs planned by the stake board for the wards were very much liked and successfully carried out in nearly every ward:

Suggestive Program Submitted by the North Sanpete Stake

Relief Society Summer Work

It is suggested that each ward make a special effort to furnish good music, either in the form of Glee Club, Solo, or Quartette:

July 3rd: Special Testimony Meeting
15 minute Faith Inspiring Talk:
Sacred Solo:
Testimonies:
July 10th: Work Meeting
July 17th: Pioneer Program
(For all Pioneers) (refreshments)

Song: Appropriate for Pioneers
Solos: Glee Club. Community singing.
Sketch Life of the greatest Pioneer—Brigham Young. (15 minutes)
Tribute: To Utah. Of Tourists who have visited Utah. (Found in the Deseret News.) (15 minutes)
Quartette: "Utah, We Love Thee."
Incidents from the Lives of Our Pioneers. (During 10 year periods: 47-57, 57-67, 67-77.) (15 minutes)
Quartette: "Utah, The Star Of The West."
Talk: "Utah's Place in the Nation," (15 minutes)

July 31st: A Field Day For Mothers
Picnic and Games. Program (if desired)

Aug. 7th: A Book Review
"The Strength Of Being Clean," David Star Jordan.
"Prince Of Peace," William J. Bryan.
"Fundamentals Of Prosperity," Roger W. Babson.
These three books have been requested:
"The Call Of The Canyon," Zane Grey.
"Helen Of The Old Nest," Harold Bell Wright.
"A Daughter Of The North," Nephi Anderson.

Aug 14th: Work Meeting

Aug. 21st:
Visit the "Shut-ins," aged and sick. Prepare a program and lunch.

Aug. 28th:
Rousing Society Social. (To start the Yew Year's Work)

Under the auspices of the Child Hygiene Bureau of the State Board of Health, and the North Sanpete stake Relief Society, two maternity and infant welfare centers have been established in this district, during September, one at Mt. Pleasant and one at Moroni. The centers will be in charge of Dr. Wilford Barber, of Salt Lake City, assisted by Mrs. Ella Conover, R. N., of Salt Lake City. The centers are for the special benefit and care of mothers, and of children of pre-school age.

Mrs. Margaret Peel, first counselor to President Elizabeth Christensen, has been released. She has held this position since October 23, 1921. She is a very noble unassuming woman, and her kind and spiritual influence will be greatly missed by the board members, and also in the various wards of the stake. Mrs. Eliza J. Hansen has been chosen to fill the vacancy.

Parowan Stake

The Parowan ward Relief Society gave a social Tuesday afternoon, September 4, in the Relief Society hall, in honor of Mrs. Mary A. Benson, Mrs. Elizabeth Hoyle, and Mrs Madora Halterman, who have given their service to the Parowan people

for the past fifty years, in sewing for the dead and those in need. They have given this service without any compensation whatever, and have always done their share of the regular Relief Society work, in addition. These women have looked upon this service as a labor of love. Their mothers were engaged in the work before them, and they were trained to it from early youth. They have left their own work at home and gone under all circumstances to serve the community, and the whole community joined in rendering to them a tribute of love and appreciation.

The entertainment in honor of these faithful workers began with singing and prayer, after which the following program was given: Words of Welcome, by President Maud Dalton; Greetings and Tributes, by stake president, Mrs. Mary M. Marsden; Ladies chorus, by five nieces of Mrs. Hoyle and Mrs. Halterman; humorous reading by Mrs. Malinda Adams; vocal solo, Mamie D. Orton. Sentiments to the three honored guests were given by the following: Annie Gurr, Mary L. Orton, Julia Lyman, Amelia Topham, Sarah A. Stevens, Belle Empy, Elenor Bruhn, Marian A. Gudmundsen, Mette Rasmussen, and Amelia Burton, who also read a tribute from Mrs. Emily C. Watson of Cedar City. A duet was sung by Florence Joseph and Dean Richards; remarks were made by the following brethren: Bishop Hugh L Adams, Charles Adams, R. H. Benson, and Walter C. Mitchell. Responses were given by the three honored guests, after which there was a general handshake, and delicious refreshments. Among those in attendance were five Relief Society stake officers, and twelve brethren making a total of 155 present.

Liberty Stake

On June 29, 1923, a unique and practical testimonial was given to Mrs. Leona G. Holbrook, retiring first counselor in the Relief Society of Liberty stake. During the day, members and friends (the latter both male and female) spent a day working in the temple on behalf of the deceased relatives of Mrs. Holbrook. As a souvenir of the occasion, a book containing the names of these 245 workers was presented to Mrs. Holbrook, who expressed herself as being deeply affected by this action of consideration which, as she stated, would bear fruits into the eternity.

A few days previous to this, a dinner affair was given at the home of Mrs. Myrtle Ballard Shurtliff, president of the Relief Society of Liberty stake, in honor of Mrs. Holbrook. Toasts, songs, and other appropriate features contributed to the evening's delight and entertainment. The stake presidency and wives, and board members with their husbands, were guests. Mrs Holbrook was presented with a silver plate. The entertainment features were conducted under the guidance of Mrs. Gertrude Michelson, the newly appointed member of the Relief Society stake presidency.

In Memoriam

Box Elder Stake

One of the victims of the recent flood at Willard City, August 13, was the president of the Willard ward Relief Society, Mary Ellen Brewerton Ward. At the time of her death, she was also the city treasurer. She and her daughter-in-law, Agnes Mason Ward, the daughter of Charles and Emma White Mason, were the only ones who lost their lives in the flood at Willard.

Mrs. Ward was the daughter of Thomas W. and Sarah Brewerton, early pioneers of Willard, and the widow of George Alfred Ward, who died October, 1897. She was born in Willard, in 1863, and was married at the age of eighteen. She and her husband moved to Elmo, Cassia county, Idaho, at which place all of their children, five sons, were born. The last twenty years of her widowhood she spent in Willard city.

Her home life was always radiant with love and patience; her social life full of service and kind deeds. Gifted with a beautiful voice she was a member of Professor Evan Stephens early Willard choir, when a young girl, and a member of the Willard ward choir at the time of her death. Her home, a large firmly-built brick house, was swept away by the flood, not a brick remaining to mark the spot. This home she shared with her son Earl, and his wife Agnes, the latter perishing with her.

Mrs. Ward was counselor to the former Willard Relief Society president, Mrs. Agnes Owens, and when Mrs. Owens moved to Salt Lake City three years ago, Mrs Ward was selected as president, with Mary L. Harding and Mary E. Lemon as first and second counselors, respectively. They were lovingly known among the sisters as "The Three Marys."

Counselor Mary L. Harding died May 10, 1923, of influenza-pneumonia, being ill only a few days. She was the daughter of George and Mary J. Harding, and was born in Willard, August 6, 1869. She spent her whole life in cheerful service for others. For many years she was a competent nurse, and was known throughout Box Elder county for her excellent ability as such.

Following her mother's death, in 1913, she took charge of her father's home. She held many positions of trust in her home town and was a devoted Latter-day Saint. She was always a friend to the poor and needy and will be greatly missed by the entire community.

It is singular that these two good women, so closely related in life, should go to the Great Beyond so near together. But it is a satisfaction to their associates to know that they were prepared. No souls could have been more devoted to duty here than they were. Death was but an entrance to a larger sphere.

Guide Lessons for December

LESSON I

Theology Lesson

(First Week in January)

SPIRITUAL SERVICE

FOREWORD

The Theology lessons will continue to discuss, during 1924, phases of practical religion.

What Spiritual Service Is: Service rendered with the God idea behind it is spiritual service. The God idea, coming to us through instinct, tradition, reason, and revelation, calls for service for or to a supreme Being or Power.

The God idea is composite. It has in it the notion of supremacy. Supreme power to do what it desires to do, and to be where it chooses. The God idea contains the notion of supreme intelligence, or being in possession of all knowledge needed to wisely use power, and out of this notion of intelligence comes the assurance of justice and mercy.

The Two High Objects of Spiritual Service: Whatever we may do for Divinity is prompted, in the main, by a desire to have his help for protection and prosperity at the present, or in the future, or to express our gratitude for what he has done or is doing for us. The only fear that comes near being a high motive of spiritual service is the fear of losing God's help through the absence of his Spirit—the fear of being unworthy of his presence and failing to get what he would gladly have us obtain. God glories in helpfulness, but our "will-nots" may result in his "cannots," else why did Jesus exclaim, "O Jerusalem, .. Jerusalem, how often *would* I have gathered thy children together . . . and ye *would* not?" Is there not in this utterance the declaration that man cannot be saved in wilfulness? Does not the Redeemer declare his desire to do what wilfulness of the people prevented him from doing?

The fear of the Lord may be the beginning of wisdom, but the love of the Lord is wisdom fully developed, and the unmistakable evidence of this love is a willing obedience. "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments", and no high grade keeping of commandments can come through fear.

Spiritual Service As a Source of Happiness. The amount of happiness to be obtained from any activity depends upon the

love interest that we have in the person or cause for which the thing is being done, and the love interest we have in the doing of the thing. Then, too, we enjoy the consciousness of free agency in the act.

One of the great laws of love is that we grow to love that which we willingly serve, whether it be light or darkness, peace or war, indolence or industry, God or mammon.

The higher the service, the higher the love; the higher the love, the higher the happiness. Divinity must delight in spiritual service else he would not have set apart and hallowed one seventh of man's time for spiritual service, and proclaimed the first great law to be, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength," (Luke 12:30.) The great writer who said, "That which God delights in must be happy," was stating, in a graphic way, that whatever our Father in heaven desires us to do cannot fail to bring happiness. The person who says "I love my neighbor too well to be unfair with him, and I love the Lord too well to disobey his command—to love my neighbor as myself—"has a double draught of joy: the joy of social service and the joy of spiritual service.

The Scope of Spiritual Service. Our field of spiritual service extends into the past, covers the present, and reaches into the future. It is akin to the whole truth, which is a knowledge of things past, present, and future. (D. & C. 93:24.) There is no dead past in the line of spiritual service, and when it is finished there will be no "unknown dead".

Service for the Dead. Saving the dead is a spiritual service in which man is permitted to cooperate with God. It amounts almost to a comradeship with Divinity in a spiritual campaign of deliverance of those who, in ages gone by, were carried into captivity. To mortals it is an opportunity to become like God through working with God. The rescue gives training in the activity that made of Abraham a friend of God. As Abraham rescued his captive relatives, without thought of spoils of war, so we seek the redemption of our dead, and without thought of what we may get from them. The service free from the taint of selfishness is one of the highest forms of serving one's self.

The doctrine, that the completeness of our salvation, depends upon the salvation of the dead, (see D. & C. 128:15-16) may mean that our heavenly joy will be marred by the consciousness of the absence of some one who might have been there but for our neglect, and that our happiness cannot be even relatively complete until we are privileged to inspire some earthly agency to do the work that we should have done.

The privilege of officially using the keys to prison doors, not to shut in the prisoner, but to release the penitent, is a

glorious one, and with it comes responsibility of no light weight. So stupendous is this work of spiritual service for the dead that it calls for a genealogist in every family, and a savior attitude by the whole family, together with work that claims more than convenience for its performance.

Questions and Problems

1. What does "spiritual service" mean to you? Illustrate.
2. Show the superiority of service through love, over service through fear.
3. What does the expression "fear God" mean to you?
4. In the light of what is said in Matthew 23:37 or Luke 13:34, are we justified in saying that a human "will-not" may result in a Divine "cannot"?
5. In what way may our neglect of spiritual service for the dead interfere with our own happiness here, and in the world to come?
6. How does spiritual service for the dead help in our becoming: (a) like Abraham? (b) like Christ?
7. In what respect is one who neglects the dead like Pharaoh's Butler? (See Genesis 40, with special consideration of the last verse.)
8. What is the meaning of being a "savior on Mount Zion"?

Lesson II

Work and Business

(Second Week in January)

Lesson III

Literature

(Third week in January)

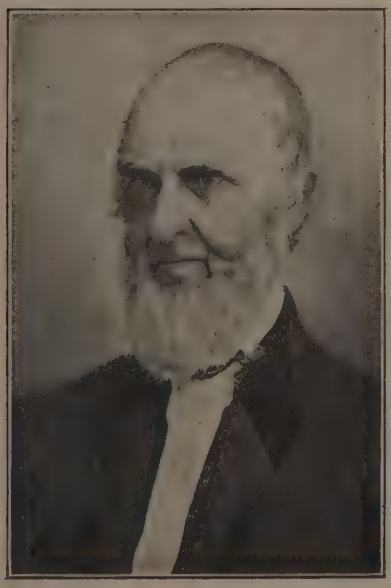
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Foreword

America has challenged the attention of the world since the war in a very unusual manner; consequently anything that is American takes on added significance, for that reason both the history and literature of America is being stressed as never before. The literature lessons will continue to be a study of American authors. We want our Relief Society members to become familiar with the features of our American writers, therefore we include the photograph of the respective author under discussion.

We have now reached the period of the New England Re-

naissance, and as this has always been regarded as a very improtant period, in our literary output, we shall devote two or even three lessons to an author if it seems desirable.



JOHN G. WHITTIER

John Greenleaf Whittier's earliest ancestor in America was Thomas Whittier, an Eng lishman who settled in what is now Amesbury, Massachusetts, in 1638. About a decade later, the family removed to Haverhill, Massachusetts. The youngest son of Thomas Whittier married a Quakeress, and their desendants, the poet being one of them, were very many of them Friends. The poet's mother was descended from Reverend Stephen Bachiler, a clergyman of the English Church who became a Nonconformist, and finally removed to Massachusetts in 1632. In Pickard's "Life of Whittier" we read that it was the Bachiler eye, dark, deep-seated, lustrous, which marked the cousinship that existed between Daniel Webster and John Greenleaf Whittier.

Whittier reflects in his writings the rural life of New England which he knew so well. The poet's early days were spent on a typical New England farm, with its green pastures, huckleberry bushes, gurgling brooks and rocky falls. As a young man he was handsome but frail in body; so that the lighter chores on the farm were assigned to him. About thirty odd books were to be found in the home library; these he read and reread until he had sapped their contents. Finally a country peddler chanced at the door with a volume of Burns' poems. Whittier was stirred to the very fiber of his being as he read and reread these songs of "bonnie Scotland," for he was to become the future writer of the songs of his native country, and for this reason he is aptly styled the Burns of America. A little later, a volume of Shakespeare fell into his hands which he read with the same eagerness with which he had read Burns.

As he grew older, he became very much interested in politics, and was making very fair progress towards political

preferment when the Abolition movement loomed on the horizon. He thought the matter over in a very deliberate fashion and finally made up his mind to cast his lot with the Abolitionists, despising from the bottom of his soul not the slave owners, but the system that made such an outrage possible. He knew full well that by lending his talents to so unpopular a cause he was sacrificing his own political career, yet he did not hesitate in the matter. He was greatly encouraged by both his mother and his sister, in his fight for the abolition of slavery. He became at once one of the leaders of the movement, sought after for advice and counsel by those who were conducting the Abolition campaign. Through his fiery songs, he struck terror to his opponents. We all of us recognize the power of his "Barbara Fritchie," "The Slave Ships" and "The Farewell of a Virginia Slave Mother." His connection with the Abolition movement prescribed the subject of his songs for a somewhat lengthy period of time, stilling his voice so far as his own native songs were concerned. Then, too, it must be remembered that in addition to his poetry, he wrote a considerable amount of prose for papers that had espoused the Abolition cause. He was at one time the editor of the "New England Review," then the leading whig organ in the country.

Whittier's character, like Longefellow's, was above reproach; justice, generosity, tenderness and a child-like trust in God characterized him throughout his life. Most of the poems that have given Whittier his place in literature were written in the latter and more tranquil part of his life when he was free, as he expressed it, to let,

"Old, harsh voices of debate
Flow into rythmic song."

The Quaker poet is one of the first among our writers of historical ballads, "Skipper Ireson's Ride" and "How the Women Went From Dover" being notable examples of real literary achievement in this field. Mr. Bronson says, "There is no better introduction to certain phases of New England history than some of these unpretentions poems."

Among his ballads, "Maud Muller," is perhaps the most popular. Many of us will recall how generally it was declaimed in public when we where in our childhood and early womanhood. It was full of the fragrance of the meadows, and presents a tragic phase of life, both for the rich and for the poor, because of the bondage of social custom. Many people are particularly enthusiastic over "Telling the Bees," a ballad of much merit. Its descriptive passages, as well as its "delicate love pathos," to employ the words of another, has touched many hearts. "The Barefoot Boy" and "In School Days" are in very much the same class

as "Telling the Bees;" they too, are full of tenderness and pathos. In the "Barefoot Boy" we have a picture of a New England country boy that might suggest Whittier, himself, when a lad. The other is a memory of child-love in "The Little School House by the Road." It is full of purity and childish tenderness and has no doubt brought back the memory of early school-day associations to thousands of readers. A heart cord has been struck by Whittier in these ballads of simple life, a cord that has vibrated since the time the poems were written and will continue to find response in the hearts of people as long as they live a simple and natural life.

We have selected to discuss in this lesson only a few of Whittier's minor poems. His great winter idyl, "Snowbound" will be the theme of our next lesson.

Questions

1. Read one of Whittier's poems on slavery to the class and see if you think such a poem would assist in creating a sentiment against slavery.
2. Read "Maud Muller" to the class and suggest wherein the poor and the rich are fettered through custom.
3. Read "In School Days" and see if you have any personal memories or any memories of associates who probably had an experience very similar to this when in elementary school.
4. Read "The Barefoot Boy" and select the various words and phrases in the poem that go to make up the description of the little fellow. Do you think Whittier's descriptive words and phrases are selected with taste and skill?
5. If you have time, read "Telling the Bees" and seek to discover what are the characteristics that have made it so popular.

Note.—Our beloved past president, the late Emmeline B. Wells, was a guest in the home of John Greenleaf Whittier, during one of her visits to the East. On that occasion she had the pleasure of an afternoon with the poet and his sister, who was also gifted as a poet.

Lesson IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in January)

THE FIELD OF SOCIAL WELFARE

FOREWORD

For two years in the Social Service Dept., Relief Society women have been studying the home; home leadership; the social

life of youth insomuch as it bears upon their physical, moral, and educational preparation for home life; the husband and wife relation; the parent relationship; the parent and child relationship.

For the coming year, the plan is to study the family in its relationship to society. The object of the course will be to learn the importance of normal family life, and the needs of normal family life, and how best to meet these needs; also to learn how to overcome some of the social ills that affect family life, and interfere with normal living.

For reference, we suggest any book on sociology used in the schools, also, "Normal Life," by Dr. Edward T. Devine, which is for sale by Deseret Book Company.

The study of man and his effort to get along with his fellow men, or to make a satisfactory social adjustment, is occupying some of the best minds of the present day. Colleges, research laboratories, welfare foundations and organizations, and numerous professional social workers throughout the country are making a scientific study of man, of his physical and mental make-up, of his activities, and of his reactions to certain situations and influences.

In the development of every individual, he comes in contact with certain influences and institutions which in a large measure determine the extent and character of his growth. This contact with these institutions, influences, and forces, overcoming some and adjusting to others, is a life-long process through which every member of society passes. It is the concern of those studying man's social problems, that the influences which are wholesome and constructive shall be encouraged, while those which are unwholesome and destructive shall be eliminated. Any survey or study, any school or church, any legislative movement, or any agency or organization that contributes to the upbuilding of family and community life—to the upbuilding of constructive social forces generally, and to the reduction of the undesirable forces, is part of the general field of social welfare.

The institutions which mainly influence the individual and his development, and in which, therefore, the sociologist is deeply interested and concerned, are (1) the home, (2) the church, (3) the school, and (4) the community.

THE HOME. The oldest and most important social institution is the family. It is not only the biological unit of society, but it is the medium through which the social heritage of the race is handed down from one generation to another. Usually, the child learns the spoken language in the family group. Social traditions and standards of conduct are first brought to an individual's consciousness in the home. In the family, he learns some of the fundamental principles of human relationship; he

learns to associate and cooperate with his brothers and sisters who are his equals on the social plane, and to recognize and respect the superior position of his parents.

The home, besides being the means of transmitting the social heritage to the child, is responsible for the physical and material progress of the members of the group. For the first few years of its life, the child is entirely dependent for its development on the care it receives. Its very life is endangered if food, shelter, and care are not intelligently provided for it. Problems of health continue throughout childhood, and it is always one of the main functions of the home to protect the health of its members.

The first lessons of income and industry are first taught in the home. By performing certain simple duties and tasks the child learns the necessity and dignity of labor, and of the economic inter-dependence of individuals on one another. The nature of his experience and lessons in the home, will perhaps determine his later understanding and progress in the industrial world.

Although the formal education of the individual is now recognized as a community responsibility, the family is responsible for the nature and amount of school work done by its various members. The regularity of attendance, the amount of time devoted to study, the number of years allowed for school work, before the children enter industry, are decided, generally, by the educational standards of the family.

Whether an individual is to have opportunity for needed relaxation and expression through play and recreation is also determined by family standards. Whether recreation is to be wholesome development or unwholesome dissipation depends to a great extent on the home environment and family standards.

The family, too, is responsible for the religious training of the child. It is in the family circle that the first and most lasting religious ideals are absorbed. The faith gained from simple family teachings and worship, remains a potent influence through an individual's life.

THE CHURCH. The religious beliefs of an individual become a controlling factor in his conduct and social adjustment. His philosophy of life, his aims and standards, are all a result of his spiritual attitude. A desire to progress, and a courage to continue to struggle, in the face of disappointment and adversity, are traits more often found in a religious person than in one spiritually indifferent. Real social stability is a characteristic of religious people, for religious teachings strengthen human ties by emphasizing the ideals of chastity, honor, the sanctity of the home, love, and human service.

THE SCHOOL. The school is another institution which

influences the development and controls the social adjustment of the individual. The school should train each individual for later economic independence, so that he can provide for himself and family, and should give him sufficient education so that he will have some appreciation of the civilizaton of which he is a part, and of the cultural heritage to which he is an heir. The student should be given an insight into the development of society and be made to understand his responsibility for the perpetuation and development of the race.

THE COMMUNITY. Each community in its civic and political organization is a social unit. The number of individuals who are malnourished, handicapped, or who die of preventable disease, is an index to the community's health standard. The number who are exploited by capital, the number of children in industry, the number of women engaged in unwholesome labor, and the prevalency of gambling, vice, delinquency, and crime, indicate the degree of the community's industrial and moral control. The constructive work of the home, the church, and the school, to be effective, should be supported by high community standards and cooperative community effort.

References: *Normal Life,* Edward T. Devine, Chapters 1 and 2. (Copies of *Normal Life* may be obtained from the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Questions and Problems

1. What is meant by social adjustment?
2. Give an example of a maladjusted person.
3. Why must any study of social problems center about the home?
4. Name five elements or essentials of living for which the home is responsible.
5. How does the school assist an individual to a sound social adjustment?
6. Why is a religious person usually more dependable and stable than a spiritually indifferent one?
7. What are the constructive forces in a community?
8. What are the destructive forces in a community?
9. What has your community (either city, county, or state) done to prevent delinquency, and to control gambling, vice, etc?

Teachers' Topic for January

THE GOSPEL IN THE HOME

Faith

"Faith is a perfect trust in God, allied with obedience to his commands."—*John Lord.*

Faith in God is to believe that he is, and that he is the only supreme Governor and independent Being in whom all fulness and perfection and every good gift and principle dwell independently. "Faith is the foundation of all righteousness."—*Gospel Doctrine*, page 122.

(a) The early teaching of prayer instills in the heart of the child faith in the Lord and his goodness and mercy.

(b) Family prayer is a strength and guidance for life's daily cares and labors.

(c) Private and silent prayer is a comfort and help to the soul.

NOTE: In introducing gospel principles for teachers' topics, it is desired that these subjects be discussed in a friendly, conversational manner.

In School Days

John Greenleaf Whittier

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up the western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled:
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
"Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

The Farewell

Of a Virginia Slave Mother to Her Daughters Sold Into Southern Bondage

John Greenleaf Whittier

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air—
Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them;
Never when the torturing lash
Seams their back with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.
Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
From Virginia's hills and waters—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
O, when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go
Faint with toil and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again,
There no brother's voice shall greet them—
There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
From the tree whose shadow lay
On their childhood's place of play—
From the cool spring where they drank,
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank,—
From the solemn house of prayer,
And the holy counsels there—
Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the spoilers prey.
O that they had earlier died
Sleeping calmly, side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more
Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
By the holy love He beareth—
By the bruised reed He spareth—
O, may He, to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known,
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love.
Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

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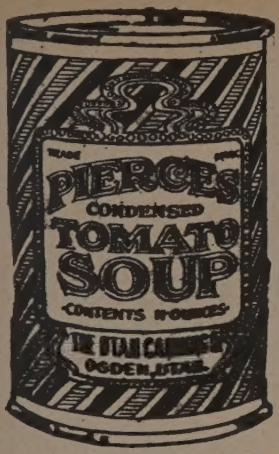

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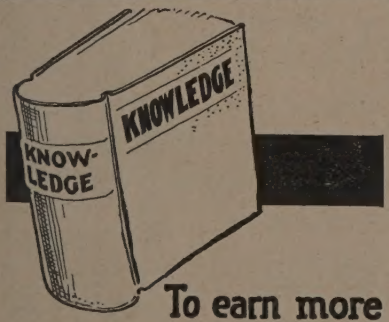

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